



What you see above in a Magyar costume is a fast becoming popular figure in the folk dance movement. His name is Don Landauer of Pasadena. He is a native of Oakland and attended Berkeley U., and is a graduate engineer as well as an ex-Navy man who was treated by Uncle Sam with a trip to the Orient.

He went to a folk dance party to please his girl, who, with her folks did that stuff, and eventually fell in love with both, married the girl, Lindy (nee Baker) and now leads the dance. He lived for a while in Healdsburg, Calif., where he taught school and danced with the "Country Dancers", and reared several young'ns. He and Lindy are the proud parents of four red-head boys. They moved to Pasadena in 1952 and joined the Co-op Dance group as well as Gandy's. Being an Irish-Scotch-German that entitled him to teach an ethnic Croatian group their native Kolos and he sure is good at it. He is an excellent Koloist. He chaired the 1954 Pasadena Festival very excellently and directs his newly organized Yosemite Workshop Dancers of Glendale (rehearsals in Yosemite Park, hence the name). They debuted with Tatarotchka at the State Wide festival and have been in demand ever since. A few more dances are in the offing. He is a very well liked person and teacher, in fact, even his wife Lindy likes to dance under his direction. Our wishes of success to all of you and happy dancing for ever after. (Foto Cathie Cary)

JOY OF THE SEASON

Merry Christmas and Happy New Year

WESTWOOD CO-OP FOLK DANCERS

Los Angeles

California



Millie Libaw in her richly embroidered Chiapaneca costume taken at the home of the Tagles who were her hosts while she visited, recently, Mexico City. Millie and Oscar are the staunchest friends VILTIS has. Long may they live and enjoy good health and happy dancing.

I A C

INTERNATIONAL DANCE CIRCLE

Wish All Their Friends

Joy of the Season

Los Angeles

California



Lilia "Pichi" Tagle, of Mexico City, is shown in her Tehuana costume. Lilia, who, with her father, visited California during the State Wide Festival last May, plans to visit California once again this coming spring. Lilia, who is a very fine dancer, has a dance studio in Mexico City. She and her family, were hosts to Millie Libaw who visited them in Mexico during the month of October.

As For Myself - TO TRAINS

(Continued from the last issue)

DENVER, JCRS, LIGHTED LANTERN

More happy reunion in the Denver area. I visited the JCRS and had my check-up which found me in good condition, spent some time with the friends I made there. My visit coincided with the annual convention of the JCRS auxiliaries whose delegates arrived from everywhere. These women truly have God in their heart. Goodness and devotion to a cause emanated from their faces. They were to celebrate 50 years of humane work in the field of restoring health and bringing happiness to untold afflicted.

The camp at the Lighted Lantern atop Lookout Mountain was not a numerous one as far as distant registrants was concerned, but the local people turned up in full force and the spirit of fun was high. The Lighted Lantern is the most scenic of all camps. 7400 feet high in the air overlooking Denver directly which is some 30 miles away. The night view is like a fairy land and Denver appeared like a magnificent jewel of the Rockies. It is surrounded by gorgeous scenery. The food, too, was the best.

From Denver John and I with Herbert Hyman and his charges who followed our car, raced along the country Eastward. We stopped over for the night in St. Elmo, Ill., where we visited Roy Hinton (and his family) who was then home on leave, it was his last evening home. From there to Cincinnati, visiting with the Emanuel Levy's, dear friends of mine. Our next stop was Washington, D.C., with brief visits at the Lithuanian Legation, supper with Julia Liesytė, a brief visit with Dr. Jonas Balys, noted folklorist, and Dave Rosenberg's class plus a tea at his studio. From there we raced again to Newark via Wilmington and Arden where we visited the Brooks and Holden families.

WAY BACK EAST

Our camp at Stokes Forest, sponsored by the American Squares Magazine, as in all camps, was again, a happy reunion of old friends and the meeting of the new. The location is lovely but it rained too much and accommodations are a bit too primitive for me who is now spoiled by the comforts of homes and hospitals such as JCRS. The folk song fests at this camp were most delightful, what with Harold Harton, Shirley Durham, Rickey Holden and Edith Thompson to lead!

Our car gave up her ghost after we left Stokes Forest. We were due that night in New York at Michael Herman's. We contacted Neil Handelman who picked us up and brought us to the Herman Studio and we again called John Pietruszkiewicz, one of my former sailor boys now discharged and happily married, to take us back to New Jersey. The car was put back in running order the following late afternoon and it spoiled many of our plans. We raced again, stopping over a few minutes in Norwalk, Conn., to visit with the Chens and dashing toward Boston. We didn't make Boston that day. It rained too hard and we had a late start. But we got there the next day. Hurricane Carol visited Boston two days earlier and she had the streets strewn and spread with green boughs and branches, to welcome us. The traffic was a holy terror. We got to see only Ona Ivaška, the leader of the Lith group and Miss Katherine Haviland at her International Institute. Then we raced to get to Ralph Page's opening of his camp, an isolated spot in the New Hampshire woods. We had a brief but pleasant visit and we dashed onward to Lebanon, crossed Vermont and all of New York to get to Niagara Falls.

THE NORTH-CENTRAL STATES

We stayed at the Giori home and the following day we entered Canada for a session in Toronto. Again happy reunions, again regrets for such brief stays and regrets to have to refuse hospitalities. The time seemed so brief and even it sped too rapidly. In Toronto we were hosted by the Bromby's on Ward Island. We had sessions in Niagara Falls and in Rochester. In Rochester we were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Lew Mahoney.

If time would permit one of my great desires would be to visit all the Lith communities in towns I instruct. But this is impossible and as a rule I never inform any of them of my arrival. However, the Rochester community got wind of my presence and in a 24 hour period prepared a Welcome Vyts party at the Lith. Church Hall with testimonials and a presentation of a beautifully carved shrine of Our Lady Of Vilna, which I shall cherish, for it was given to me with love and with sincerity. We also had a most delicious Lithuanian repast at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Stasys Ilgūnas, director of the choir and Lith folk dance group.

From Rochester we went to Dayton, Ohio. Again a wonderful session and another Lith dinner at the home of Paul and Cecelia Lisankis. There we were hosted by Jack Hunter. Next day we were in Cleveland with the international folk dancers of that city. There we were hosted by Liudas and Alė Sagys.

Our next stop was Chicago. Between the family, great distances and the gosh-awful traffic jams we got to see hardly anyone. If not for the facts the Emily Mucha had a gathering of our friends at her home and The Ateitis Dancers at their rehearsal we would have really not seen any one. I know I probably caused a bit of ill feeling by not seeing many I should have but it was a task next to impossible to accomplish. The same trouble was encountered in Minneapolis where we had less time and just as many friends. Woe is us!

With Minneapolis as our last "duty", we now dashed southwestward. It was getting cold up north. The trees were turning to many lovely shades. The dense Sumach trees looked more like poinsettias around Christmas time. On a whole, our trip was most pleasant, even tho rushed. However, we had more than our share of rain. With very few exceptions it rained wherever we were, including in the Oklahoman-Texan pan-handle. Before reaching San Diego we stopped off to see the Gregersons at their most enchanting place in Ruidoso, N. M., and the famous White San Dunes, really something to behold.

Since my return I've been busier than all heck, but not in money earning matters. There was the VILTIS to be put out and it was done in matter of one week for the compilation and another for the printing and mailing of it. Then the book of legends followed right hard at its heels, which, again took a great deal of commuting to Los Angeles. Hardly did the book come off when again VILTIS! I enjoy fussing on it but I'm not keen about the trips to Los Angeles. The smog this fall was beastly. The Lithuanian word for "hell" is "Pragaras", which means a place of steam and smoke. That's L. A. You cough, you sneeze, you cry . . . It's pragaras, alright.

I'm now living in new quarters. I've had a very happy year at the old address. My landlords, the Millers, were wonderful, scenery was excellent. However, my new place has charm galore . . . a home still built when the "ginger-bread" style was the fashion, and it has lovely patios. My new landlords, the Larsons, both school teachers, are also very charming people and I know I'll have many more equally happy, healthful and productive years ahead of me. Meanwhile, I wish you all the happiest holiday season and a year of good health, many joys and happy dancing.

Pasimatysim, VYTS-FIN